

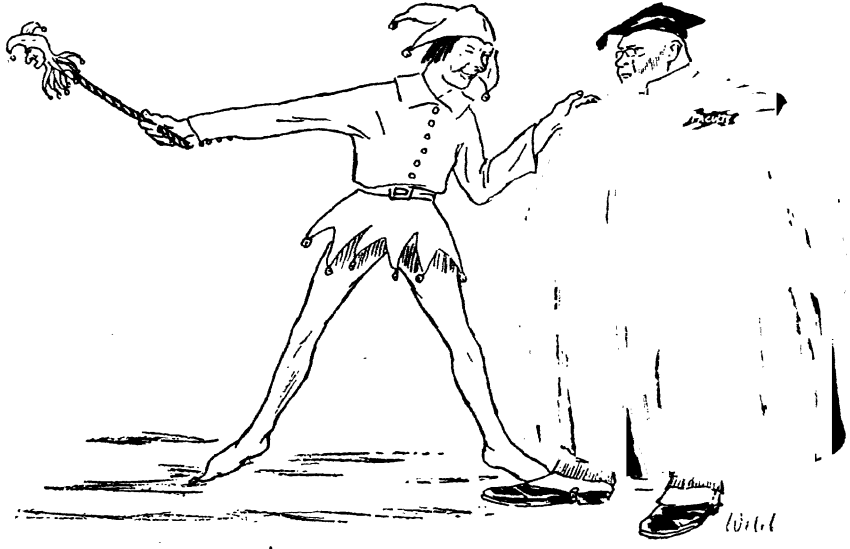
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HARVARD LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

College Sketches in War Times

BY

VICTOR RINE



BOSTON
THE GORHAM PRESS
MCMXVIII

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MADE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON, U. S. A.

TO
THE STUDENT
OF TO-MORROW

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HARVARD LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

HARVARD LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

College Sketches in War Times

I

RAMBLINGS

THERE is an institution in our colleges commonly known as "English A" or "English 1," which may also be designated as a course in "Cold shower habits." There are few who come out of this course and have not washed away —as are the sins in a baptismal dip—their poetic genius, dreams, early ideals and castles of greatness, and have not become cold, logical, plain men. Fewer still pass from this ice bath through the threshold leading to the sophomore smoker without a sigh of relief.

And what of our world-aspiring junior with his cane and his dog, his lady and his prom? And then the venerable, somberly-attired senior who, like his no less venerable and sombre predecessor the monk, has learned to harbor and conceal a world of sin under his swarthy gown, and a brain, stuffed and stretched to a breaking point, under his four-cornered cap.

Even I, who—out of sheer contrast with my apprenticeship in the world—naturally remained longest enchanted by the ethereal atmosphere of college life, yet did by no means fall below or rise above the standards of progress maintained by the traditional *classes*. From my sophomoric period on dates the history of my pipe smoking; and although I took little beer at that time through no fault of my own, I made up with that beverage later in Germany for its higher excellence.

All of which is to point out that college does not to-day contribute appreciably, to the tribe sanctimonious—saints, dunces, or fools for the ravens of the earth—an opinion that still lingers in the minds of the more business-like of our brethren.

The effeminate gushes still attendant upon the freshman at his entrance into the college yard, pass away with the withered autumn foliage of the college trees; and by the time the all-revered senior prostrates himself before and dances around the oldest elm in the yard, paying his last respects to that wooden dignitary of his Alma Mater, the whole performance no longer contains much of that animated and emanating college spirit, and has passed to the low plane of ceremony. The youth has become a man.

With some born scholars the naive beginning persists through life and their amiable naiveté allies them to their natural affinity—the good-na-

tured, honest farmer. Most of us, however, after the sharp edges of the two extremes are worn off, the mundane and the scholastic, and the novelty of books, the lecture hall, and the abstract pass away, become men—business men.

There is no essential difference in this between the wretch drudging "his way through" on his own initiative and his brother who is urged on by an aspiring parent, an exacting demand for culture and refinement in the circle into which he was born, by the worldly success the liberal education offers, or merely by the father's money and the attractiveness of being called a college man. The former of these two classes, because of his contact with the world and the contrast afforded between that and the world academic, may, as did I, linger a little longer in the ethereal atmosphere. Both are, nevertheless, psychologically, if not always practically, prepared in their own way for modern life.

This, I say, is true, more or less of all students at all colleges. But not all of us reach this goal by the same pathway. Not all of us while in college are tormented with home-sick "sissies," junior proms, parties, banquets, initiations into Greek-lettered frats, or even with the more democratic foot-ball politics.

Some of us meet with other torments, thorns,

in this garden of knowledge and carry home other fruits, vastly different, yet in their way refreshing and revivifying. The paths upon which these tread give new color and intensity to their goal—their fitness for the business of life. It is with these that we shall principally be concerned in the following pages.

II

OUR SQUARE TABLE AT RANDALL HALL

AS is customary in all tragi-comic performances, we must begin by introducing the cast. Turn we first of all, then, to that table at Randall Hall, our table once, the habitual rendezvous for the whole personnel.

This table, by an unwritten tradition of the place, was reserved for waiters, prodigies, philosophers, scholars, a few chosen lawyers, journalists, artists, and vagrants. If any stranger, perchance, happened to go astray and to sit down at this table, unsuspectingly, he would first be stared upon as an intruder. Then one of us would engage him in some crypt, dialectic exercise as a test of fitness to the place. Usually there would be no occasion for a second degree.

Here at this table might have been seen our one-time famous William James, Jr., mechanically writing his order slip and putting a duplicate thereof into his vest pocket; not that he mistrusted Charley Mason the bursar, but that was simply his rule. Then he would gulp down his simple meal, consisting usually of two eggs, a penny bread and a glass of milk, and at the same time

he would stutter out a few disconnected phrases that were sure to provoke everybody, and the fiery discussion was well on. Without at all waiting until all was over and everybody has had his say, he would be seen to rise, placidly and without the least affectation, pick up his shabby old coat from under the seat upon which he sat, and go off without farewell or ceremony.

This prodigy of old has completely gotten over his famous four dimensions. But let it not be supposed that he is idle or will pass into oblivion together with his precocious theories. Quite to the contrary. His most recent piece of work is *The Constitution for the Commonwealth of Mars,* and an ingenious piece of work it is. I have been accorded a singular honor in being called upon to read the manuscript of this latest tract, which to my knowledge has not come to the attention of the press before, nor has it received recognition in international law as yet.

Bill takes it for granted that Mars is inhabited by man, and has set to work to formulate its constitution. It begins thus: "We, the people of Mars, born free and independent, do hereby ———." It is a model constitution for any commonwealth, as he thinks. Every detail of the business of government and the welfare of the individual is duly provided for. A thorough socialization of all industries of Mars is co-ordi-

nated with a perfect political anarchy.

Any one capable of the innovations we find incorporated into this most harmonious constitution of Mars cannot properly be designated as a plain man of the earth. Let us call him a son of Mars. One can write books on the general conduct of this son of Mars but space permits it not. To light topics he is dumb. Say to him "Nice day, Bill?"

The invariable reply will be "What do you mean?"

"Well I mean just—nice—pleasant—you know ———."

"I don't!" roars Bill. "Nice, pleasant, doesn't mean anything to me. I don't know what your words stand for—do you mean soft, warm, or cold?"— It is the only subject on which Bill gets impatient with you. You get impatient with him oftener. "Beautiful," "pleasant" and the like suggest "zero of associations" to him, as he says. Art is a figment.

There was another of the old prodigies, Raymond Worner we must call him for the sake of anonymity. He was not always with us, but he was of us nevertheless. His habits were more domicile. Sometimese he plodded his way in among us, with head bent and arms hanging. On that day, some new "method of approach" was certain to be presented.

He is now Doctor Raymond Worner and has at last crystalized his profession in accordance with the trodden paths of his renowned ancestor Spinoza, whose method of procedure he has made entirely his own. Young Doctor Raymond does not to my knowledge attempt any ways of proving the existence of God by mathematical demonstrations; he takes the conclusion reached by his master for granted.

But he does apply the same method, it is rumored in Cambridge, in working out the fate of the Czar and his duration on earth still left him. For the young doctor, be it known, has turned revolutionary in spite of the war and in spite of admonitions by his elder.

What philosophy could not do! As an undergraduate and wonder of the college world he was never seen but bent in body, cringing, plodding, reeling, swaying hither and thither with his plump little body and big head. But now how erect he walks, shoulders backward, chest forward, head up! He actually has donned his khaki of late, taken the military oath and his place in the ranks of the Harvard Regiment—a real soldier of the cross, this old man at twenty! It reminds one of Socrates learning to dance at the age of sixty.

* * * * * * * *

But it will not be supposed that our galaxy was made up wholly of seasonal cruscations. Nay,

for the most part, our luminaries were fixed, shining with undiminished brightness. There were great stars and smaller stars among us, stars of first magnitude and stars of lesser brilliancy.

Of the very brightest of these constellations, one whom not even the very clouds could hide, was of course our friend Dr. Henricus Austinius—assyriologist, Arabic grammarian, Talmudist, mediaeval, and ancient philosopher, poet, critic, antiquarian, librarian, and privy counselor to four hundred students at Harvard. What does Harry not know? And who does not know Harry? Name any society intellegentia every member of which is not intimately acquainted with the doings of Harry. Is he not father and teacher to all and does he not begin with his scholars precisely where home and mother left off?

Who ever has heard of any one writing twelve hundred pages in close type of doctor-dissertation? And who, pray, of all the antique race of scholars, ever has waded through so much obscure erudition in Assyrian, Arabic, and Hebrew, let alone the modern (which with Harry includes Greek and Latin) tongues as we can glean from the hieroglyphs in his voluminous foot notes and appendixes?

How many scholars of twenty-eight are there with perspicuity to recognize in a blotch of old

Hebrew print a disciple of Aristotle, and by this singular act of genius raise old Crescas from oblivion, and open up a new chapter in mediaeval philosophy and theology?

I remember as of yesterday when I first met him on the steps on the Semitic Museum. He was then a junior. Under his arm he had what I later found to be his customary potion of musty, coverless printed matter, loose notes and papers. I handed him a letter of introduction from Robert S———, then of Cornell and now secretary to the Mayor of Scranton, Pa. Ruminating it in an instant, he stretched out his hand; "Scholem," said he, "Here, shake." How constitutionally different, we two, and yet from then on our affinity was established and, though not without occasional perversities, maintained.

Sit with Harry at the table and sooner or later you will receive a few modest strokes from his elbow—this is his own way of announcing something to come. Some new idea has taken momentary possession of him and Harry must rattle it off to you in half articulated fashion—not letting off at the same time from his pie and coffee. When you have done with him he will have elucidated to you the whole net of contributory streams of thought radiating to and from his idea. And your head will ache with Avicenna, Algazali, Averroes, Mimonides, Gersonides, Crescas, and

Professor Josiah Royce.

Not only does he excel in philosophy and Arabic syntax, however. Ask him about any statutory crux in modern law and you will be referred to the particular book, chapter and page, in the Babylonian Talmud; and supplementarily, he will give you a history of the statute in question, tracing it from Moses and Lycurgus down through Roman and English codes, winding up with a brief eulogy on Louis D. Brandeis and the racial qualities exemplified in the new justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Harry's principle of education and wisdom is this: never gather your knowledge except from print. As for himself, he looks lightly even on printed matter, unless it antedates in composition 1300 A. D. But where he gets his information of things modern is a mystery to all. For he will talk to you of the latest exploit of some faraway German under-sea craft with the same lucidity of detail as he would expound Crescas' dissertation on the Aristotlean attributes of God.

Harry is no fool, moreover. He loves life as much as books, almost. He can tell you precisely what style of shoes were worn on the Boulevard des Italiens in the summer of 1913. He will talk to you with avidity of the Berliner Nacht Leben, of his experience with the intellectuals of Europe in Berlin's famous Caffee Monopol and in Lon-

don's Clubs, and of his nocturnal haunts in Tiergarten and Hyde Park and what he heard there of the sermons on Dr. Tyndal and Huxley.

Muscle and brain is with Dr. Henricus Austinius of all mortals most evenly, if not always harmoniously concocted.

* * * * * * * *

We must not pass over in silence the only athlete at our table. Joe B—— was a freshman when he entered the service at Randall but his bouncing muscular appearance gave him the ascendency even over his senior co-workers. He made the freshman team, too, and only financial inability to cope with the exacting demands in the society of athletes, killed his chance for the university team.

Sometimes Joe would entice me, too,. to go a-wrestling and a-boxing with him in the Gym. He was so enthusiastic over the great possibilities with my physique, and I still remember his poundings well enough and the lasting marks left me by his big corpulent hand—"It's all in good faith," said simple-hearted Joe.

Nature made an athlete of him; he is now making for the legal profession—what a fall!—"Courage, courage!" he would say to himself in true athletic spirit. The economist-lawyer was his hopeful retreat in moments of despondency. Souls of native goodliness never were meant for

the legal profession, and, happily for Joe, he learned of Fred's discovery.

•

Fred was the legal light among us at the table. He thinks that the future will require of its lawyers very little law and a great deal of economics. Therefore, led on by his imperious foresight, he made himself master of Tausig, Carver and Bullock. Moreover, as an economist, he had his eye fixed on a judiciary chair in no other county than Essex,—as judge of value, namely, and of its just distribution! And who can tell? Brandeis was once a freshman.

There was among us one journalist in particular who left the stamp of his personality upon every one at the table. He was stuttering in his speech, poor fellow, and every one felt with him when he struggled to express himself. But he had a heart. Between his heart and his stutterings there was vituperative eloquence.

"Oh! these yel-l-o-ws," he used to moan, "how they'd kill a man to create a sen-sa-tion. Oh! These rak-kers! How they'd—spy out some in-no-nocent little muck to nauseate the-the public. And how wist-st-fully they would lay aside their r-rake—s-s-smoothen up, strew garlands on the great, big, heaps of m-muck! These heaps th-the public wants raked up—they—let rot and in-n-fect

the nation. The public must not be pr-o-o-voked they say."

"Oh! These gn-gnats, these little fellows! How they manufacture par-r-tial-l-ities and im-m-munities and call it pub-b-lic opinion— How they fool us! How they fo-o-l us!" And his heart would fly out of him while he struggled with his stammerings, interlocked with earnest vituperations.

In his writings he somewhat gripped himself, of necessity; yet the readers of the Brooklyn Eagle—to which he was college correspondent—could glean his invectives on the press from between the lines. And this, he said, occasioned him many a falling out with the taming editors. For he was an artist in temperament and in his finest sense of social justice and decency, and could not always master his feelings, modern though he was otherwise.

But we had also artists of the old Orphic muse, some of whom turned against themselves in other ways. Grosby went to St. Sulphice, Switzerland, and to Prague, and to Vienna, and to Naples to study music. And behold—he turned Shavian critic—modernized to the very bone and marrow.

"Blessed be the Victrola" was the message he brought from abroad,—"The Master Lyre that crystallized and popularized the costly vocal organs of Caruso and Tetrazzini." The camera

produce, he chimed in with Shaw, is finer art than master-paintings and etchings. The movie he exalted far above the passing drama. In the heights of his impetuosity he would shout: "Down with the high-priced vocal organs! The gifts of nature." The tastes and pockets of mankind loomed higher and still higher with him than the tastes and pockets of individuals.

This erstwhile worshipper of Apollo, this frolicsome dancer with the nymphs and satyrs to the strings of the muses, this antique survival of the days of yore who, in all too-modern Cambridge, was wont to wander in paths Olympic and ape the Gods in their antics and amours. Aye, this demigod to so completely transform into a man?—Only the magic power that permeated Our Table silently could accomplish such saliant feat, could without the least conscious effort, or argument, win out against the music master of Europe.

* * * * * * * *

It were sheer folly to suppose that all was said about any or something about all of us at our table. That were humanly impossible. We could not be lumped or herded in the ordinary way of cliques and schools, moreover. Each one of us was a school and a party unto himself. Uniqueness was the sole requisite of every member at our table.

Strangers had no difficulty to espy among us

representatives of the more conspicuous brands of radicals, to wit: socialists, anarchists, and single-taxers; skeptics, atheists, and agnostics; crude materialists, new realists, and still newer pragmatists. But that was only seeing us on the surface. Some, less discriminative still, would label us all with one epithet—idealists—and let it go at that. But who would think it worth his while to argue with such a one.

We were indeed some crew—we waiters, scholars, critics, aspirants, prodigies, visionaries, artists, jesters, antiquarians, eccentrics, journalists, mathematicians, economists, athletes, jurors, drolls and fools.

III

THE GRAD AS ASPIRANT

THERE is still one technical philosopher extant and his name is ———. And of all the new diction this powerful phraseographer has added to the scheme of things, there is at least one group with a meaning evident at first sight. I mean his "ego-centric predicament."

On the face of it, you see, it is clear; the term needs no definition. We need but revert for a moment to the class of students we made acquaintance with at our square table. Each one of us, it will be remembered, was, as it were, an ego-centric predicament. Each one had in his head his own peculiar, queer notions, which occasionally were flaunted in every other's face to be sure, yet never really with any seriousness of intention to transmit or offer for approval or disapproval.

For each one of us tacitly recognized his position, his constitution and that of his listener; the inefficacy of verbal intercourse was therefore clearly and sanely acknowledged—clearly and sanely, notice, although we presented all marks, except one, of a demented rabble. Each one suffered a different variety of the disease, so that the others remained little intelligible whether in lan-

guage or in gesture. The one exception was this: each one *knew* he was crack-brained and, what is more, he openly and frankly confessed the fact to any one interested.

But no. There was another thing upon which we all agreed, without a single exception. It is the status of our so-called graduate students, of whom, to be sure, we ourselvese were no mean examples. In all justice, however, let us own that we were somewhat different, more eccentric, namely more ego-centric, than the average. It is in behalf of these our poor "grads"—alias, in behalf of ourselves—that we shall say here our humble word respecting their preparedness, their aspirations, their kinship to the professorial protégé, their present odds and their salvation, perhaps, in the future.

* * * * * * * *

At the beginning of this ramble we called attention to the fact that there exist such students as are psychologically prepared for life although practically appear, may indeed actually be, quite useless to themselves and to the world. Ah, poor grad! And whom could the wary business brethren have in mind when calling education to account for itself? Oh, defenseless grad! He may mean also those rare "good" ones in business or profession who are a little too humane or too just to make headway in their line (a few Fords

excepting); but who are for that very reason pseudo-grads and may be classed with those whom higher education has incapacitated for any calling in life but the studious, whom, in brief, we see aimlessly roaming in the world as amidst books.

For education to justify itself from the business point of view means, *pari passu,* as our economist-professor would put it (that is, were he to break from his customary timidity and commit himself to such perfidy),—its paying a livelihood to its preceptors.

This being, in a large measure, the aim and attainable object with the majority on leaving college or professional school, the educational value-in-exchange in their mind, the world can have no ground for serious quarrel with them. On the other hand, the intrinsic value of education no one whose opinion is worth anything ever called in question: the invidious assailant will retract as the anecdote of the hog and Socrates is told over again. The intrinsic value of education is, and always has been, conclusive, and the right thereto of every individual is as little or as much open to question as the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Even method and kind vanish to insignificance before the great sore spot, the most vulnerable point of attack on our system of education. Para-

doxical as it sounds, those very rare ones to whom the epithet "mercenary" in love, or in love of education is so odious, must not only put up with that; but they as well must submit to the more poignant brunt in the world—"dreamers," "parasites," "useless" members of society they hear people whisper, engaged in pursuits for which there is little market, no market value. In short, the burning question of the day that troubles the minds of the more loquacious of our college presidents as to whether education pays dividends, really resolves itself to this: Can, or does education pay a living wage to its teachers? And upon the answer to this question depends the "aye" or "no" of our educational institutions—the prerogatory to all others.

Therefore it behooved us at the Square Table, in spite, or because of our being professed egocentrics, to give to this subject paramount thought. Being always square and frank with ourselves and our convictions, we could not but concur in opinion, join hands and together swear in our heart of hearts, that the plight of our pseudo-grads, the grads proper, and the potential professor is both hard and piteous; that this small class of mankind *ensemble* represents the evidence of failure of our educational system and the tottering pillar of our institutions; and that, therefore, for

the sake of our own sweet selves and for the stability of society something must certainly be done.

Man is first of all an animal, say our biology professors. He must tread the path of earth before he can wander in the path sublime, declares the modern philosopher; he must have what a man needs before he can live the life of a god. Real nobility grows from earth upwards—that's the history of the universe.

If culture is to be in line with progress and civilization, it is not to dispense with, in its highest manifestation, the lesson learned in its lowest beginning: self preservation. That does not mean solely the preservation of books and bones of the antediluvian man. It means first, preservation of the bodies—yes, bodies of those men who read those books and study those bones to-day and would, if preserved, continue to do so to-morrow. Why should highest education fail in the two of the most fundamental purposes of all education, according to Spencer and common sense—maintenance and perpetuation of self?

No lesser than these questions cogitated our minds at the Square Table. But we were ego-centrics, nevertheless,—let there be no mistake about that. These problems troubled us because they were first our troubles and our problems, and were most intimately connected with our lives. What

wonder that we searched for solutions? What wonder that to-day, scattered as we are in all corners of the globe, we still search for solutions single-handed?

The cost of all things is governed by the cost of its production, say our economists. Yet, though the cost of producing an economist is the better half of his life plus an additional small fortune, that does not determine the price of the other half which remains as of old, precarious or patrimonious, a thing of chance. "There is no public opinion on the subject of teachers' salaries." Why should there be when they themselves, the heads of the clan in particular, make no demands for a living wage?

For that purpose to organize is, of course, too plebian a notion still, even if no longer a sheer blasphemy. The mere mention of the A. F. L. and a possibility to affiliate with brother creators would have the effect of lightning and thunder, would send even the less fastidious and more modern of our professors up in the air and rain down upon the dare-devil a volley of indignation and rage.

No, we academic dullards would rather go hungry and manage to justify our predilections on the ground of a meager little divinity we have stolen from the Master's gallery, known as *ultra-*

aesthetica. "Oh well, I have more pleasure in sitting here and lecturing for three thousand than to preside over a railroad for thirty thousand," is the typical cause of causes of our professorial existence. All of which is very laudable indeed and we ought to have a little more of that attitude in the world at large. But we have it not; and so long as we remain closed up with this little divinity, or fad, apart from the world at large, just so long will this in itself so rare and inestimable a spirit, continue to contribute its share towards the ruin of the most highly trained men and women. Such was the opinion of our Square Table.

Neither do we lack justifications for this attitude. Paramount among which is the fact that, with all our philanthropists and well meaning but one-man publicists, educators, or college presidents' sermons, the world is still filled with the stench of greed, covetousness, cupidity, with fawning slaves to the dollar, that repel the academically trained. His ideals, his awakened sense of moral justice, his accentuated tastes, his somewhat stupid notion of society and humanity, are sources of constant embarrassment to him in a world where the only known and practised law of nature is ruthless egotism.

In consequence there is a natural abhorrence for the world and its values. Great numbers of

men—particularly those fated to work out their own destiny in the world as in college—retreat to the university; fill what is called the graduate school; waste half their life in expectancy, the other half in celibacy. The status of our graduate students—our professorial aspirants—what is it but this? Ninety-nine out of every hundred of them, you will find to be those students who, after graduation, finding nothing else to do, decide to continue to be students.

Hence an over-production of doctors fitted to do the highest work, yet, with the arrangements obtaining to-day, are forced into a state of lethargy for the greater part of their lives, starved in body, bound in spirit, and doomed to decay from inactivity, from the dead weight of the mere crustacea of book learning. Then, after many years of waiting, may come some place of dignity for them, attached to a portly thousand! or again it may not, as the case may be.

In matters of social evil, whether in school or in the world, we at the table were not addicted to scholarly exhaustiveness. No system of logic was invoked for the settlement of such questions. Our convictions here were plainly intuitive, and since we were all unanimous on the subject, our convictions had the appearance of dogma.

We knew beyond an iota of doubt that the sys-

tem of education is clearly a hotchpotch and more or less rotten at its financial end; that the consequence to every member of the system, particularly during the earlier two-thirds of his life—the whole life in the case of women—is stagnation. We knew that something ought to be done. We needed no reason for our opinion; yet we could flood our audience, at pleasure, with reasons based on humanity, justice, expedience, history, and social betterment. Nay, we went further. We even dared offer to ourselves suggestions as to how the disease is best to be cured.

The disease itself, according to the most carefully weighed opinion at our table, is closely bound up with that in itself highly esteemed professorial fad referred to: the preference for the chair. Here is the ailing joint of the system; here the diagnosis ought to begin. Here is the iron door between the university and the world, between the doctor and the man.

Without this slavish preference, with a larger outlet of really learned men from the world academic into the world at large, the disease would not exist—education would pay first a living wage to its preceptors. And the effective way to begin the cure is not to let loose poor, insignificant grads as bell boys and office clerks. The effective way to begin is to have our elders set the example: our professors with their prestige and influence in

the world. Let these men put away their naiveté, their clandestine preference for the chair, their horror for the popular and the populace, their frigid mien, their little fads and *amours* for the antique and, above all, their enormous conceit; and let them seek positions of dignity and advisory commissions in industry, commerce, and politics.

* * * * * * * *

"What! oust the professor from his post?"—In spite of ourselves, this idea would call out an avalanche of protest among us at the table. Yet they were not really protests, for they called for no replies. They would be heard faintly dying away on the lips that uttered them, and the speaker would feel ashamed of himself and would hope silently that he had not been heard. For, reason, fullness of life for each, as for all of us—which means our need of the world and its activities—asserted itself while words of protest were still on our lips; and we acquiesced as of stanch necessity in our little likes and preferences which we, too, gradually began to feel.

"What will become of scholarship?"—some late comer or youthful member among us, nevertheless, would be yelling at the end. From all sides, eyes would turn towards him as he protruded his impudent nose and bent his head over his plate of soup, staring at us as voraciously as

a young whelp to whom the portion of meat is denied by the elders of the species who had their fill. Every one would be eager to take up the stand, not so much because the young devotee called for refutation, as every one of us sorely needed to brush away the well-earned self-reproach for the erstwhile seditious outburst of his own. With the zeal of a fanatic and the voracity of a wolf, we fell upon Master Scholarship, and as with fang and talons tore him to pieces.

But it would take us far back were we to enter into details. Some of us would go so far even as boldly to characterize our university curriculums —the exactions laid upon the doctor-aspirants— as vampires sapping the life-blood of innocent victims. Others, German enthusiasts, here would take opportune moment to pour out their sinister queries. Why do European students and professors show more knowledge and broader outlook? Why so much exertion to add to the bulk of details? Are we improving upon the bulk of knowledge?

"Why are most German gentlemen including the Imperial Chancellor, doctors of philosophy, while here that coveted title is attainable only by a small group of recluses laden with a score or so of cramming? For what end? Are we improving upon the grade of scholarship?"

"No! a thousand times no!" everybody would shout. There the real work is being done, the substance of genius interpreted, transmitted, and made accessible. Here we waste our labors on useless shell and chaff instead of the kernel or soul of knowledge. There a readable essay showing originality and intelligence is encouraged for the doctor-dissertation; here it must be a cumbersome manipulation of figures, citations, plagiarisms and footnotes—an exact dialogue of other peoples' brains, or of meaningless details, brought together under new cover and of earthly interest to none but the vermin on the dusty shelves.

But the more glaring fact is yet to appear. Supposing there is some use, some hope for use, in our learned lore. What then? Is the man of thirty or the man of sixty the more fit? The former is not only the better teacher, more of a comrade, a soul-associate for his pupils. He is not yet tongue-tied, has not yet learned to be reserved and frigid; there is still some genuine volubility in his tongue, some life and freshness even in the mere sum of his book-knowledge.

He is more than that. While being more penetrable to his pupil, he is also more penetrating in his books. His own eyesight has not yet dimmed from too much reading and from professional prejudice; so that he is better fitted to recognize a

new truth when he looks at it; and to estimate relative values in knowledge and distinguish the important from the superfluous. He is more fitted for originality. The substance, the wine of him, has not yet dried, has not yet been pressed out or crushed by years of crustacious formation, by a process of hardening, frigidity, and ponderosity accompanying a long and machine-like application with externals and fundamentals in a limited atmosphere.

Those among us who were versatile in economics here went on pertly displaying their favorite doctrines. As in intensive cultivation and over-application of machinery in a plant, so in research and teaching and professional efficiency, there comes a point at which the principle of the minimum return sets in—what wonder that a starvation wage is the harvest!

Out! then, dearest of Professors, beloved by man and bird. Expand into the larger fields! In actual contact with mankind lies your real mission—the apostolism you owe to science and progress. Besides, the world is your fit laboratory anyway; the world and not the university is where the greatest discoveries were made and where creative scholarship received its divine inspiration. Out! The market place and the rostrum are the ends, for which the lecture room, the

text-book and your scholarship were only the means.

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"Vacancies for the younger regime of scholars?" Ah, but this is the minor point, the farcical. The example having been set by the elders, thousands of graduates annually will be moved to seek employment in all avenues of industry and commerce; these employments having gained in dignity for the same reason. The demand for these men will grow as the latent efficiency of higher education has found recognition in the business world. In school or out of school, education will rise in monetary value. No more an overproduction of doctors, for more and more will be in demand; and we will approach the day when doctors shall make shoes—and make them finer, more beautiful and more lasting.

With uncertainty of the future eliminated from the lot of the cultured, education will receive its strongest impetus. As more educated men will find careers in the world, all the more will men flock to the universities. As all avenues of life will be ingratiated with men of higher education, all the higher will the standards in education rise. To secure solidity and certainty of gains, and to eliminate all elements of chance, precariousness, charity and patrimony from their lot, the younger generation of teachers and students alike will

brassen to the idea of unions—the nascent desire for which exists to-day. At the lead of the university, all schools will follow, and we shall have no more of individual or wholesale discharge of efficient men and women on the ground "too advanced!" or no grounds—no more scandalous affronts to the spirit of culture and progress!

No more of those jaundiced constitutions in the classic halls of learning, with wry faces, sagging lines, sunken eyes, stooping shoulders and general lassitude. Farewell haggard and hallowed spirits! haunted by the fear of the future and working havoc on body and soul.

Ay! men who brought to the freshman class robust bodies, jocund spirits, unbounded hope, now saturated with modern notions of knowledge as a factor in life, not an entity, of education as a handmaid to higher life and higher serviceableness; are at the very threshold to life haunted and emaciated by a fear of the future, by harrassing uncertainty of means for the physical existence and the dignity, they have in common with animals, upon which depends the superstructure of that higher life and higher serviceableness for which they were prepared—for which their hearts palpitate.

IV

MILESTONES

THE personal story alone can make perceptible the intricately woven fibers in the fabric of the soul. Dissertations cannot do it. "Official" education cannot do it. Even the heart-to-heart chatterings at our square table failed to do it. For, we were individuals. Individuality alone, yes, eccentricity—was not that precisely the quality that gave to our heterogeneous little group something of the stamp of a type?

And we all had our own story. I had my story. But Cecil Strong had a better, and he could tell it best of all. Moreover, he is in all probability dead, this great soul: and his name must be freed from the taint of the throng, must stand aloof from us even, whom he loved.

In his life with us, too, he stood in all things alone. He was the great listener among us. Nobody ever had heard him say a word about himself or about anybody or anything of importance. Nobody knew how he came to Harvard. None recalled how and when, if ever, he was initiated at our table. Yet he was there, listened on, silently observed and appeared indifferent.

We knew that he was of Irish birth, devoted

with all his big heart to the principles of American Democracy, yet soaked as it were in German culture. He was no patriot of any one nation. Boundaries had no meaning to him. Patriotism, save when resisting foreign oppression, was a decayed virtue, the promoter of national jealousy, the foster mother of all wars. In choosing the battlefield as his "field of activity," he followed no cry of the trumpet.

His chosen field in the northmost sector of the Eastern Front would appear misleading indeed, and mysterious from the point of view of nationality. From his inner life, as it is revealed to us in his voluminous notes intended for a first draft of "A Life at the Age of Thirty," we see that his choice was the clear and logical sequence —nay more. It was the logic of his silent and what appeared mysterious life: the logic absolute that dazes more than clarifies the intelligence: as rigid and grimly inexorable as modern life, of which Cecil Strong was a veritable product.

From out of these notes he left in my possession I gather the following excerpts bearing on the period we knew him at Harvard.

"I am a rare enough individual to be of general interest in other respects, however, than merely in the novel application of brass-knuckles," he goes on to say in a tone more serious than sarcastic.

"My schooling will bear witness. I did not enter college via grammar or high school, or at the age of sixteen. At that age I was first admitted into the land of liberty and opportunity—no small thanks being due, perhaps, to the non-existence at that time of the literacy test.

"Then began a period of labors and small enterprises lasting for four or five years. At the age of twenty, I had had my hands and mind already on many branches of business, varying as they were unique, from hotels and ice-cream parlors to cleaning establishments, or from real estate down through manufacturing of women's garments to theatrical managements.

"The fortune that my father expected to follow in the wake of a business talent as that, and unremitting labors, was, however, marred by reason of what people call a great conversion. Now when a young man at twenty, practical and with a natural proclivity towards the laughable, puts in his appearance before his astounded friends in a confused state of mind and with eyes that look askance, then you may wager your all that something drastic is revolving in his soul. With me it was simply a change from business prudence to *naiveté*. At first it showed itself in an aimless longing for I knew not what. Then, all of a sudden, without let or leave, I found myself burning the late evening oil at algebra, history, and gram-

mar.

"My freshman and sophomore years were spent at the university of Missouri where I swallowed whole chunks of knowledge. But why, while passing from Missouri eastward, I should have sojourned one semester in Cornell has till this day remained a mystery to me. It may well be—and this is the only conjecture I can offer—the higher cost of transportation from Columbia, Missouri, to Cambridge had something at least to do with my stop-over at Ithaca.

"When I reached Cambridge, I had been through two universities and was well immersed in the narrow though deep waters of the specialist, we might say. Philosophy had now become, for a time, after due process of elimination, my fixed hobby. Soon I was to emerge in the shallower and wider channels. But as an undergraduate, whether for good or for evil, I imbibed voraciously of that ever-revolving, ever-changing, yet always remaining the same old philosophical wheel, with the identical central point running through its spokes or systems and rim—that shell which is forever changing in color, even in texture, with the changing speed, the temperature and the light of the world.

"Professor George S——— was then in Cambridge yet, and I had the opportunity to imbibe of his words of gold before this venerable sage re-

tired to solitude on his ancestral estate in southern Spain. It was only with his assistant, however,—now professor at Madison, Wisconsin,—that I can claim closer relation. I can still recall him sitting with skeleton erectness at his tea, this disciple and chosen post-humous editor of our renowned Professor William James; this glum-faced, clean-shaven, long-nosed logician, a waiting aspirant then to the professorial chair—Dr. Mayer Horrace Calhoon.

"For the first time in my life now, in the senior year, I learned the meaning of ennui, of that depression and crushing weariness of soul. Were this a token of bodily ailment, I should have been wheedled out of existence from sheer natural law before I was pessimist and before I could think wicked thoughts. So far from ever having despaired on account of health or overwork, on the contrary, I always had good reason to think that the merciful God had been altogether too profuse with his graces in bestowing upon me so much vitality, strength, and endurance as to prove more than equal in the fight with severe conditions. Sometimes I was even sacrilegious enough to doubt the very wisdom of such a mercy and the purpose of such predestined harmony. In brief, even my verbal complaints were never on account of want of health but on account of overabundance of it.

"It was not fear of the future that held me in

its dead grip. I never feared the future. The reverses of life were familiar to me before I came to Harvard—before I dreamt of college. Success or failure, I always dared and darted, sometimes foolhardily, always unafraid.

"Mine was not, however, a purely philosophic pessimism. It was not the disappointment and quarrel with one's god or despair and failure in the pursuit of a new one. I gave up the God of my fathers as a matter of course without swaggering and without muttering a single word of regret or deprecation. With the same spirit of nonchalance and cold indifference did I give up one philosophic deity, or absolute, after another.

"With me, as with most seniors, it was more of that homelier brand of disparagement that brings havoc only indirectly when accompanied by its friend and ofttimes ally—poverty. The wretch enlightened can only be receptive to the pain end of his heightened sensibilities; and what could be pleasure is for him all the more accentuated pain. He can only gaze with mouth watering into the rich fields opened up to him by poetry, philosophy, or science. Call it unsatiated egotism—we are not squabbling over words, or the nature of virtue.

"This state of mind was short-lived and soon subsided. Even while it lasted the compensatory element was not wanting. The necessity to work

was my saving element of this situation, and I slung hash at Randall in merry fashion. With the regularity of a clock I would be seen marching from College House, lazy house (The Union), or Emerson Hall; and the hustle and bustle with tray and crockery did more to replenish the blood back to the folds of the stomach—which Emerson Reservoir pumped up to the brain—than the palate sensations of the twenty-four-cent combine ever could do.

"It is not altogether an unpleasant occupation, hash-slinging isn't, once you can connect it with philosophy; yet senile resignation, or the callous indifference of the stoic, seldom has been a welcome doctrine for young men with blood still red and boiling. At that period particularly my whole being revolted against the fetters of unkind fate.

"While in college I was prone to ascribe this phenomenon to poverty. I have learned better since. A harsher lot, immeasurably more seething, characterized the days since my senior year, but none of these black thoughts and blue mice that then crowded my imagination. No, it was not that,—not altogether that.

"Haymowing may be a more healthful occupation than hash-slinging but it is alike one with which a college graduate cannot as yet, without

ignominy, feel more elated over. Yet it is the world, a world activity, a productive work that pleases. The cuisinery activity in a stifling atmosphere only made me numb and insensible while it lasted. In the hours of surcease, and even in my sleep, I found no peace of mind.

"Hail to the world! and all its miseries. It gave me more than Harvard. It gave me what it gave to so many others—that communism of spirit which comes from a *mitleben* with the more unfortunates. And although it tinctured me with *Weltschmerz,* as sympathy with unfortunates always will, it liberated me from myself, environment and the fable of career.

"Those tea parties every Monday afternoon in that cheerful and well kept suite at Divinity Hall —who would not remember those tea parties of the encrouching days of ennui? Queer but 'tis true, they contained the seed of my new god, my new religion and salvation. It is to be recalled that my head was then stuffed-full of monads, attributes and categorical imperatives. Under the exhilarating influence of a hot cup of tea, the "problems" under discussion, ice-cold and old and lifeless as the winter day, gained in savor and freshness.

"At those tea parties I gathered my first innuendo respecting the relation of body and mind, of philosophy and life, more convincingly than from

any dissertation on the subject; more than the German scion of letters and thought could later teach me of the relation, namely, of entrails and the human spirit.

"It was only a beginning, however. The conviction did not come until later in the fall of nineteen hundred and thirteen when I made intimate acquaintance with celestial Omar Chaiyam and his terristial ruby (yat), his Bowl of Wine and his Grape. Still later in Germany it was beer.

"Now when a man has reached the stage of his existence through the channels herein indicated—when life gains the ascendency over books—the wise and gentle reader will have no difficulty to surmise what is to follow. After my graduation, life, god, home, activity, friend, child, growth, universe meant all one to me. I was ready to plunge into life and all its phases: life became my raison d'etre. Ah, how much ardor, how much enthusiasm, may surround a simple act of hash-slinging. How much idealism—or shall I say materialism—one may sip out of a simple cup of tea! Two courses were open to me: life and the graduate school. Fate decided on both, and the clash is already evident."

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The last I heard of Cecil he was on the east bank of the Ae River, south of Riga. "I hate

this senseless slaughter," he writes, "but it gives me a field of activity."

The one time poet laureate at our table, while announcing that Cecil is to all appearance dead, did not weep, nor showed he any outer sign of grief. It was as if he had forebodings of the event in advance. A few moments of stifling silence followed. Then with drooping eyes, fixed, though half closed, he pronounced this dirge in clear, low and gradually rising voice:

"Death snatched not our Lycidas from us,
Not the war that turned his soul to dross.
The system, the system, accursed system!
To self destruction his heart inflamed.

"His death on the system a ban has laid,
As his life for learning a crown had made."

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Weeks, months after this incident, similar wailings having become widespread in our circle, the fact was brought home to me that our friend the poet had long since consecrated his life to mourning after the living dead.

V

SENIOR-DISPARAGEMENT

ALREADY in the senior year begins to be apparent that sorry state of things that in the graduate school becomes chronic. Only here the disease has not penetrated deep enough to affect as yet the tissues of the body. Its first symptoms show it to be primarily a soul-disease. And as such it is seething. For those doomed to the graduate school, time is afforded the infected spirits to grind and groin into the earthly labyrinth, and shake the body as the soul.

During the senior year, if at all, comes the feeling of ennui, or that depression and weariness that weighs like lead upon one's whole *summa summarum*. With us at the table it was known as senior possession, and we detected an ever increasing number of victims. No trace of it has yet appeared in the annals of college lives, for it is a new experience in American colleges, and men afflicted have not yet formed of it a rational idea. Those who are afflicted may *ipso facto* be discouraged from inflicting others. And then, does it not reveal a shadowy spot in the happy-go-lucky life in college?

It is not Harvard cynicism. The cynic laughs in the face of the pessimist; he bathes in the latter's tears; he grins at the latter's convulsions. The cynic is the tried clown, the pessimist the mourner of the world. His laughter and mockery presuppose pain, but he nevertheless poses as being above pain. He may be the last word of pessimism, but as such cynicism is less likely to be true of student life.

Harvard cynicism is a politer expression and it bespeaks a certain mode of sophistry, but it tells nothing of that acute experience actually felt, more or less, sooner or later, in the senior year.

At the first thought the phenomenon will be attributed to economic disadvantages of a great mass of students, to the much-petted, altogether one-sidedly esteemed virtues of those drudging their way through. Yet as a cause for the disparagement, this estimate is no less one-sided. Poverty and misery are twin brothers and the great causes for popular pessimism the wide world over, and as such they enter into the student as into the seaman's life. But that does not go to make up what is distinctly the senior affliction.

There are always tricks and frolics in ingenious intelligences. When they find Memorial Hall food too expensive, they live on soup, potatoes, and soft diet; which, while giving their stomach a rest from the everlasting roast beef, gives them

at the same time a taste—so they will tell you—of that intellectual experience in feeling that they, too, can be vegetarians. When they have no car-fare, they beat it over across the Harvard Bridge to Boston, and enjoy the walk deliciously. When cigarette-smoking was felt to be too much of a drain on my nickels and dimes, I specialized on pipe-smoking; and at once saved my finger-tips from the tawny, nicatian insignia, and my lungs from the deleterious effect of cigarette-paper carbon.

Virtus lauditur, et alget. The customary praises lavished upon those working their way through, their overwrought virtues—the halo popular appreciation promises—resulted in this; it taught poverty-stricken worshippers of higher education how to reap benefits from the very penury. Yet the force need plays in the disparagement becomes stronger as the senior year approaches—by reason of higher developed tastes and new wants remaining unfulfilled. Growing tastes and new wants are the younger children of Dame Culture wedded to Sire Poverty—was the belief that slyly crept into the hearts of all of us at the Square Table; and their rights are not forever to be waived.

Nevertheless it remains true that even the senior little dreams of enjoyment and fulfillment to

materialize while he is in college. His eye is fixed on the future. In so far as it does contribute to his present discomfiture, it is not due to his present failure of fullness of life he has learned to long for. It is due in the main to decaying thoughts of an emptiness the future bodes in comparison with the fullness he has been preparing for.

In individual cases, the senior may suffer a tithe from this and from that cause. But the great mainspring of his disparagement is to be found in the perspective into a future it is given him to gleam. Ever present in his mind is the image of himself as the elevator operator, or office clerk, or bell boy, engrossed with things, people and trivialities he has been taught only to undervalue. It is a perspective into this future fast approaching which makes his field of vision yellow.

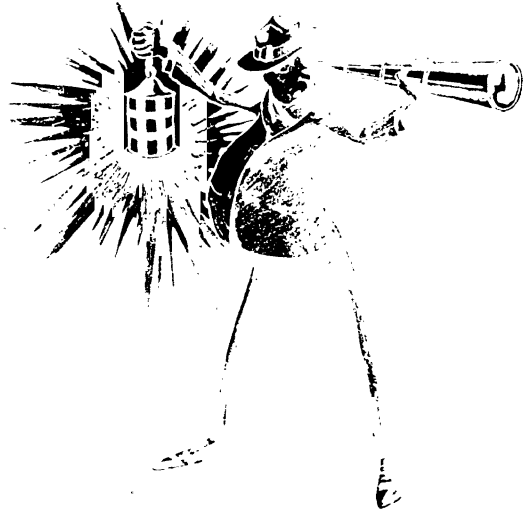
Not riches, oh no—that were making the rare spirits platitudinous. It is not a disappointed expectancy of prodigious money-returns, or a wavering from physical application, that makes the senior herein considered shudder.

Waiting on tables, gardening, furnace-tending, clothes-pressing, haymowing—any physical drudgery—is put over and above the more profitable book or aluminum vending, soliciting, canvassing, hawking of any sort. The preference for the manual may count for some; but more it is the cer-

tainty of compensation that determines the choice here as in so many other things; the certainty of compensation, yes, however small, yet enough for the primary and indispensable needs while in the service of a worthy cause, or ideal—in this case education.

After one has left the college gates behind him, the worthy cause as a pulling force exists no more for him. A new one is wanting; and until this new cause is in sight, there will be a halt, a disparagement, a preference for one knows not what, for the lesser of the two evils; for the vagrant life, however painful, in lieu of an aimless drudging in elevator or office, in field or factory. The harrowing thought of this aimless future brings throes of agonizing doubts in the mind of the victim respecting the very idol he has so worshipfully served, and to which he has devoted the best period of his life; and this thought, the first offspring of his despair, all the more accentuates it.

It may be simply a psychological reaction against too much experience that stints the body and paralizes the moral and intellectual self. The senior may have gained in wisdom to appreciate the parallel between his case and the discreet drinker. He may begin to see that he has had enough. Why continue plodding? His education ought to have opened up to him new fields of activity, new and comlier appetizers for life. Where



WHAT IS THIS BUT A FORECAST, ANTICIPATION OF A FUTURE?

is the dignity? His developed sensibilities revolt against everything low, menial and mediocre. He is not sick, not altogether ignorant, he feels new capacities, too. He feels capable of new powers for work and for pleasure.

What is this but a forecast, anticipation of a future? Not present discomfiture, not past regrets, but future sorrows it is; the uncertainty boded in the fast approaching morrow makes the senior stumble; a future which holds no place of dignity or gratifying activity. The elevator operator and the bell boy flit before his distracted imagination, as he scans the visible horizon. And the propinquity of this future is the principal factor that blights his vision, hews abysmal hollowness in his heart, breeds slimy vermin in his imagination, makes his outlook dismal and wry, robs him of his sleep at night, and of elasticity of limb in his waking hours. His spirit grows more depressed as the day of his commencement approaches near.

Yea, it is the strongest who is struck hardest by this endemic-academic plague. He whose blood is red and boiling, who, in the fullness of his developed manhood and latent energy, clamors loudest for activity, for usefulness, for fulfillment of some service he is prepared to perform—he feels the emptiness of his future in proportion to his

strength and capacity. And he is alone: as isolated as the university is from the world; as the doctor of to-day from the man of to-day; as our centres of culture from life. Here, then, we have the acid ingredient in a democratic system, productive, indeed, if productive in anything it is, for the breeding of cultured demons, Mephistos, Calibans, or more up-to-date land-wolfs, grinning in the face of ideals, yes, in the face of God, defying church, state and the university that made them. For such is sorrow's compensation.

VI

IN MEMORY OF THE PROFESSOR

WHEN we came to Harvard, Harvard was yet a peaceful Institution. At that time, that is to say, some century or so before the Great War, its professors still maintained their own with their mental equilibrium that marked them from other mortals. Differences, controversies, even dissensions there were; but those were occasions for the professorial virtues to make their appearance only in lights so shining as to penetrate the walls of the lecture room—philosophic calm, cool headedness, disinterestedness, respect for person, not to mention civility or plain decency. Clear-cut logic was then their own implement of attack; now, alas; it is bungaboo speech, humbug prophecies, mud-spattering at each other's face in the form of controversial missles through the press.

Passion, to be driven on by the flames of the times that make John and Peter and Fritz call each other scoundrel and blackguard where the sword is prohibited them by criminal law—that was not the model of behavior expected of professors in this critical period even by a mad-ridden

world, not at any rate by their students. But, bless them, they are only human after all, our professors, as this war demonstrates every day. This war will yet ruin the academic as well as the financial and physiological world!

When we came to Harvard, Harvard's philosophy chair was yet occupied by men like, say, Professor George Herbert Palmer. He was the good old man of the college, with a soul that more than compensates for his meagre stature. He was the finest model that ever could be got not only for his GOODNESS but for his students. He gave himself to his students as freely as he poured out his lectures to them. After his classes, he occasionally would be seen for short strolls in Harvard Street, always accompanied by some men of his class. I often accompanied him on these strolls during the course of which he would talk little, listen attentively; and his person and personal advice were more to me than book or lecture. He was the good old man of the old school.

I remember distinctly his last lecture in Phil. Four—of the fortieth and last year in which this course was taught by him—when he in a way acquitted himself of all past and future fancied reproaches. For the first time he made it known to the bewildered class that he is short-sighted to the extent of being unable to see more than four

or five feet ahead, all for the sole purpose of not being liable to offend any of us in future should he fail to recognize, or to greet him.

For Professor Palmer was not of that overwhelmingly great number of the professorial race who, in peace as in war, make it part of their virtue and dignity to stare upon their students as the stoic (the professor) of old stared upon the woes of mankind—simply ignore them.

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When we came to Harvard the shortcomings of professors were, as their virtues, at least typical and distinctively their own. No more refined individual need be looked for, perhaps, than our own professor W———. Bow to him, he looks at you; and up goes a great big puff of smoke from his dainty little cigarette, and away trips W——— tiptoed in his silk socks and pumps, resembling a silver cloud on ostrich legs.

Innumerable personages of this type crowd into memory, all clamoring for recognition. To select the best example of what is least exemplary in one's own professors is indeed both hard and agonizing. Yet the times—the times are out of joint. Children and scholars will yet become in fact teachers of their teachers and fathers of their fathers by reason of their very youth and lesser capacity therefore for prejudice.

Of course the famed psychologist is as con-

spicuous a candidate—there is so much alike in the two men. They were both seven-footers, pulled equally on the avoirdupois so far as may be judged, and were of about the same age. The very name (W) of one spells the same, though converted character (M) of the other. Both claimed to be of aristocratic stock albeit one is American, the other German. Indeed, their complexion revealed a common origin,—they are both of the blond race unmistakably. So much is certain; each represents what in our own day is the quintescence of their respective countries.

But, be it noted, we are here concerned chiefly with a bygone age. We must at all cost avoid war bias and save the professor and student at least from a possible row between themselves. Therefore, we must choose a man of peace. Professor W——— is a man of peace.

I had the daring once to approach this venerable purveyor of English learning and American tradition politely remarking, as I pointed to the blackboard, that the dates of composition of certain parts of the Bible do not quite fall in with his various diagrams and outlines. Well, that day I fell out with the old professor. The flashing glare in his eyes was that of a wizard. Swinging his right hand horizontally, with pointer towards me, he growled out in his hoarse and trembling voice:

"I want you to understand that I am here not to be taught but to teach."

. Henceforth I napped away my little time spent in Comp. Lit. I used to watch his pantomimes and fiscal performances as he swam on the platform. Now, no more even that. After that fatal day I went fifty-fifty with Professor W———, giving him the benefit of my presence in the lecture room half the time while the other half I exchanged for pursuits more profitable to myself.

So much for the man and so much for the teacher, so much of what is desirable and of what is undesirable from the point of view of the student, in peace or war times.

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The simplicity of a man coupled with the rigor of a teacher was not of common occurrence even when we came to Harvard. Yet Lee Worner was there, and the war was yet in the distant future. Here we can have no substitute; Lee is unique—herein my humble apology. He was the prototype of Russia's democracy which, according to Professor Worner himself, more than compensated for the bureaucracy in the government of his stricken country.

But the war has ruined Lee and is ruining him more every day, his son complains. The unpleasant controversies between father and son already

have been noted elsewhere. It is all because of the senior's overpowering enthusiasm for All-Russia and the Czar and Pan-Slavism; and his patriotism did not wane even when Hindenberg and his host of "hunnish barbarians" swept over the plains of Poland, driving before them the "highest cultured" people composing the Grand Duke's army (the words in quotations are borrowed from the Professor's speeches).

At the very time I met Worner near where the Germanic Museum was being built. "Some museum, this, professor, eh?" I ventured.

"There will be no need of Germanic Museum soon," he sneered.

"Why not?" I retorted. "We shall need some place where to store away the relics left of German culture after Germany has been erased from the map of Europe." I was glad to see his anxious, care-worn countenance brighten up a little as he smiled mechanically. I desired to be agreeable but old Worner recognized the hypocrisy beneath my words; and to this day he plagues me with cold indifference in place of the paternal and warm shakes of old. All because of the war!

How spirited old Lee once was! How morose and oppressed he now looks! What became of that volubility which once gave life and color to his informal, yet crisp talks on Pushkin, Tolstoy, and Sienkiewicz? He is even seen little in the

library of late. Quaint old Gore Hall with its rough, stony appearance, with its whitewashed interior, its nooks and corners and musty shelves had, no doubt, a great deal more inspiration for Lee than the new imposing structure has to-day, with its grand stairway and stately columns, with its marble interior and so much light.

Nevertheless, we should expect him to take pride at least in the art of the new library, and show his appreciation by putting in his appearance more often among the shelves and forget the war for a while.

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Yes, German scholarship is unassailed and unassailable, all professors admit frankly. But there is one other thing as inseparable from Germany and as unassailable in its excellence—German beer. German beer and German scholarship will survive these days of twentieth century iconoclasticism. The relation of these two branches of Germany's unquestioned efficiency is moreover not an accident or without deeper significance than appears at first sight. It is even a matter of serious doubt with many, particularly since the professors have shown themselves up to be plain mortals with the rest, as to whether its beers, its scholarship, or the Kaiser upholds and best represents German culture.

Indeed, we may look forward to a time after

the war—and this is a prediction as innocent at least and as reasonable as any yet recorded—when a triple strife will arise, perhaps in controversial missiles, between Kaiser, professor, and brewer for the wreath of victory.

For my own small part—another prediction—I think the triumph will be the brewer's for the way he always has preserved and best represented in his brewing that German culture of which the professors, especially our allied ones, do nothing but prate, very glibly always, sometimes also very emptily to their students' modest astonishment.

This much is certain. In this epoch of partisan opinion, you can study German language, German literature, and German thought in our great universities and carry off a score or so of degrees; yet you will know less of German culture, German life, and German efficiency than can be gathered and carried away from one evening's sitting in the corner of some dilapidated inn in southern Bavaria over your musty earthen stein.

It is strongest of all probabilities, therefore, that if Germany should win this war, and her culture be in safe keeping, it will not be to the credit of her superior scholarship, fundamentally not even to her soldiers' victories, but to her superior beer—and plenty of it. The further theory or prophecy to be adduced from this is, of course, not unreasonable, even if to many pro-allies or pro-

Germans alike undesirable. After the war the Kaiser and the professors may yet form a coalition against the overmastering power of the brewers.

* * * * * * * *

Bless me, too, I am almost walking abreast with my contemporary professors despite determination to linger in the soothing shadow of their former existence.

And what wonder. In one shock, as if in a nightmare, the Great War hurled the profs and their aspirants alike from the Arcadian Hills, heading into the plains of weltering mankind. They still swoon, dazed, but semi-conscious, not knowing whether they dream or think. Decades, centuries perhaps, it will yet take them before they awake to the reality that they are but men, fitted —most fitted—"to do a day's work only among men."

VII

ADVERTISEMENT

THE learned will not learn. They will not learn from history even. They will not learn from those savants and ascetics of mediaeval Christianity who, seeking spiritual aloofness, became "cowled gnomes" and their spirits became insipid. Yet they tell us, these very learned professors of ours, that the earlier Christian periods had apostles besides saints, who did not bury or burrow their heads in the cave with back turned upon the world, but went forth to the people to live a common life with them; and their work as their life breathed the freshness and vigor of their inspiration to all the world.

They can tell us a great deal, too, these learned ones, about Alexandria, its universities and pedants with their stale erudition and intellectual aloofness from the common run of men; while the teachers (sophists) of the flowery age of the Greeks were men of the market-place. It was so with the ancient Hebrews, they say, whose national life and popularity of knowledge produced prophets and bibles; whose bondage and seclusion produced bigots and talmudic lore side by

side with stolid ignorance of the masses. It was so with all nations. But for the learned it is as hard to learn as it is hard for them to unlearn.

The fact remains that "modern science had not had its apostles yet." Scions, yes; but no apostles. Nor have we a class of Humanists to spread the doctrine of science, save a few stray writers, soap-box orators and "radicals"—all told amounting to a flea on the elephant; and even *their* work is unintelligent gibberish to the great majorities, who will take to nothing whatever without due preparation. How else? must not mankind be prepared to accept even Heaven? Most modern ideas become stale at their birth and die in infancy. Even those mechanical discoveries with their crystalized, material form—as the incandescent and the movie—while remaining a heritage to mankind are nevertheless bugaboos, mysteries, even to most college graduates, simply for lack of popularization of underlying ideas; to the mass of mankind they may yet become superstitions.

And that in spite of the glaring fact of a growing intelligence in the modern world among the masses, and in spite of the prevailing opinion respecting the duty of those heirs of wisdom to those less advantageously placed. Education we say is becoming more and more democratic. Still, those purveyors and fortunate sons of wisdom and knowledge go on cultivating their gregarious,

clannish and exclusive habits, and flock together in and about their ancestral fountain, the university —like bees they swarm in and about their hives. But, alas! they find not all honey.

We are not to infer that the teacher in the past was the better paid. Oh, no! Those were different times, with different values; when soldiering was the higher activity; when teaching was yet in the hands of slaves. Times have changed. Soldiering is now the meaner, though still necessary business; teaching, next to singing and inventing, is the highest activity—the last hope of mankind conceded by all. To-day, too, we have great wants and great values in exchange. Intellectual food was quite sufficient to those rare ones in the past; while to-day lentils, figs, and rye bread and water do not satisfy them, and even learning satisfies only one side of the learned. Times have changed, standards have changed,—only the lot of the teacher remains changeless as death. As in the first, so in the second great age of Bethlehem, his plight is piteous and sad.

We only wished to point out, however, that great cultural ages always go hand in hand with popularization of knowledge—with advertisement of cultural goods. *Advertisement*—that's the word. This is an age of advertisement as it is of exchange values. Bring your knowledge be-

fore the eyes of the people, make them first appreciate its worth, and it will command a price. You cannot to-day sell and sell well a pig in a bag.

The greatest minds of the country are exerting their energy to imbue as far as feasible the narrow money-maker with ideals, to professionalize business. Less is done towards making the professions humane. Nothing at all is done to make some professions human, to introduce into the teacher's lot some of the elementary, necessary, and just business principles; to impress upon his mind the need of putting up a manly stand for a living wage—demanding a price for his ware; and the need for, and usfulness of popularization of one's goods, bringing it into the market—advertisement. Ah, this is committing oneself to perfidy!

The one-man effort has passed to-day, it must remain bootless in all things as in war. A perfect open door must be established and maintained between university and world, respecting not only entrance to, but also exit from the university to the larger world activity. And this—so ran the belief at our table—forever will be doomed to failure until our revered profs set the example and deign to participate in the world of commerce and industry, in labor unions and groups of all

calibres, as in art, real literature, and life.

Clearly, closer contact of world and academy is of prime importance; which means an open door between the two and a steady flow from one to the other; which in turn necessitates the creating of a demand for real scholars—interpreters and transmitters of knowledge. Professionalizing business, encouraging the spirit of fairness and moral justice, be the attempt feeble or efficacious, is but a one-sided process at best, working through externals, and abortive in the end as the no less one-sided purely humane training. Some business principles must be introduced into the teacher's lot, co-jointly with the professional dollard, the stray writer, and preacher,—to reward the humane professional of whatever calling with a fair livelihood,—to make education and ideals pay in the worldly sense,—and to give thus the greatest impetus to higher education and ideals, while at the same time shut the mouth of the scoffer.

Ah! how scrupulous, how sillily scrupulous, how supercilious! Supposing they have learned how to make demands for their ware and have learned the secret of advertisement. Have they really a ware to make demands for? Is the professor's ware consideration for value received?

Some argument as this is not uncommon among those who do not follow education as a national

fetish, with whom this syllogism does not hold: "Knowledge is power; power is material gain; therefore knowledge is material gain." No. They are those who aim at the higher purpose of education—and are beaten, or beat themselves, of the rightful and necessary reward, while the quack prospers. This is the secret for mediocrity in the professions and for the desire to get knowledge, as riches, quickly; which secret not even the wittiest of professors can discover or fully appreciate, not with all the scathing sarcasm at his command. We at the table were wiser than the wisest of professors.

And why should they not underrate the market value of their own goods? Have they not abided with genius through long nights and days to carry away, by dint of familiarity, some of his sublimity in feeling that their work, too, belongs to mankind? Genius, it is said, is a free gift—hence why so many starve.

At least in one respect does the calling of the scholar differ from any other trade, profession, or business. In this very respect he is allied to genius, albeit he is not; he is only the megaphone, the magpie or vender for genius—a business man at the root. The scholar unlike genius, and as long as no other source of a livelihood is open to him, must remain true to earth and demand

earthly justice in compensation for his service. For has he not spent laborious years to make himself master of what to the genius came in his peaceful dreams or in an exquisite moment amidst fire and light?

Genius cannot, moreover, smart with injustice for another reason than that his ways are not earthly. The effort he may spend in creation cannot in justice be rewarded for the reason that his product is so wrought in intricacies, so blights the sight of man by the shafts of light it sheds; that the ordinary mortal, not initiated into the ways sublime, must remain unappreciative. Where there is no appreciation there is no demand; no demand, no price.

The scholar has prepared and is able to elucidate, simplify, and make presentable the work of genius Providing he does so—and does not further blight poor mortal's vision with unnecessary intricacies of detail—he has thus popularized, advertised the ware, created a want, a demand, where before existed only a supply. What a singular fiat!—the fastidious take notice. The highest service to mankind is done and, *sic,* it yields *a wage*—not a patrimony, a matrimony, a grant, a charity—but a wage by economic law.

Thus we who were ego-centric in thought and action, we who were forever and more concerned

with our little selves, our lot, our growth, our betterment, our interests, very often indeed launched upon some of the most amazing conclusions; so amazing and so luminous did they appear to us that we were tempted to entertain them at those singular occasions known as revelries. For, look ye again, we seemed to relish those ideas rather well. Indeed it was as if our little egos each individually have feasted upon every other in existence, thereby expanding their own little shells and embracing the very universe. How else could we think?—considering that we were chiefly concerned with our own well-being. After all, we were but ego-centric *in toto*.

VIII

AFTERMATH REVELRIES

PANACEA-HUNTERS we were never at heart, so much must already have become plain. We were ego-centrics to the core. Nevertheless, we dreamt dreams together with the rest of mankind, night and day; but particularly when we found ourselves *ensemble* in commodious surrender after a fairly put-up twenty-four cent evening meal at Randall Hall. What mortal, pray, be he dull or sparkling with red blood, is not addicted to one indulgence or other under similar circumstances?

Those midnight orgies in college dormitories are familiar enough still, even in these late reform days. They are not altogether past history, dead and forgotten, as our *confrére* the poet—judging from the spheres in which he himself moved—maintained. Once on such occasions in a particular moment of gayety, not unmixed with regret, as will presently be seen, he actually bewailed his unlucky star that cast him on earth a generation late. Thus, he who was not only poet, but, alas, philosopher and waiter at the same time:

"We are so different,
So very, very different,
Where the days of yore?

"Where the days gone by?
Banjo, flute, the melody,
An earthen jug or more,
Joy from night to morn,
Naught for world but scorn!
Where the days gone by?"

Indeed we were different; we were unique; that too ought to have become clear by now. Even in our indulgence we resembled none.

"With the professorial chair mobile"—thus very often began our own distinctive revelries on those coveted occasions; "let the professorial chair be mobile; let the young intellect once deign to assert his right to life as to knowledge,—and our democracy will march on in leaps and bounds, until, indeed, the ideal be real." Will there be any more misgivings as to our ego-centric or ultra-selfish predilections?

We were different even in our indulgence. We did things differently even though it did not always serve us as a lubricant to the somewhat cut-and-dried and monotonous sameness of our menu. When our talks became cut-and-dried too—as they so often did—there was our poet always to

come to our rescue with a few lubricant verses of his own handicraft. Let it frankly be said that the place and the occasion saved the poet from the hungry teeth of the critical beasts of prey. Sweet or bitter, a medicine is a good medicine so long as it achieves the purpose for which it had been put up. In brief, we lacked not our bit of nonsense to illumine our cut-and-dried existence.

But our own "more substantial" jubilee continued.

"Yes, with the professorial chair mobile, the generals of peace will take the field," someone would shout, and insolently drown the poet's warbling. "The nation will receive the strongest incentive not only for education, but for culture, art, philosophy, literature."

"Whereas at present"—

"Stop your verbal nonsense—talk plain. Your legal mind is ruining you!"

"Ah, yes, well then—with all our scholarship and liberal education free to all, we have a state of intellectual stagnation—yes, and underfeeding of the intellect equal only to the underfeeding of the intellectuals: we have economic nonentities and starvation of body and mind. The ever recruiting younger generation, on the other hand, filling the academic world—men with greater freedom of thought, love of novelty, capacity for imagination and originality, spared from long and lone

years of parrot work and cramming, and enabled economically for life no less than for books—there will emerge our sorely wonted impetus for creative work and genius.

"Then, behold, too, the era has come when the trader and insular self-seeking mania has been supplanted by the principled man with vision and ideals, with altruism and humanity as the first measure of success in business, with money making as a secondary sequence. Are they not, our professors, men with knowledge, ideals and convictions, with all interests at heart save the pecuniary? Are they not equal to their responsibilities, superior to the cupidity, corruption and rampart egotism in the world of business? They are the very men to hold selfishness and greed at bay—and serve a democratic nation.

"They are, best of all, the very men to stand out as great lunary examples to those thousands of young men annually leaving college well-intentioned, who must, nevertheless, perforce of might, be swallowed up in the all-embracing passion for greed; must yield up their premature and protean principles to temptation or necessity; and bring thus to a standstill that humane training in college with the treasuring up of cap and gown in their closets, retaining in heart and mind nothing but subconscious vestiges of youthful dreams.

"Oh," emerged the miscreant again, "with your

legal jargon to the winds, you talk sense. Only you have failed to lay stress on the link that eventually will be created between the university and the world, the streams from one to the other that will, with time, grow in influence, and expand in ramification. The university, not alone the engineering school, will be the world's laboratory. And then, to begin with, what jobs in particular would you recommend for the professors?

"Railroad presidents, heads of corporations, leaders and organizers of unions and manufacturers' associations, theatre managers, judges at art exhibitions, publishers, editors, school and university trustees, congressmen and legislators, governors, mayors, experts as chiefs in every branch of government—international, national, state, interstate, municipal and local—from ambassador and chancellor of foreign affairs to inspector of street cleaning; in short, a professor at every switch-board of human activity."

"The pumpkin faces where?
The middle wide ajar.
Fools' caps the crown adorn!

Queens, jacks, books, there—
Still strewn on the floor;
But where the days of yore?"

The poet humming on his orgy while another goes on with the serener muse.

"The university will become a mecca. No longer will it be a place of pious seclusion patterned after the monastic order with vows of poverty, celibacy and obedience. It shall be a place of pilgrimage where men and women will sojourn a brief period; a place whither people will come for knowledge and results of the past, and whence they will carry away for themselves and for the world the seeds of art, literature, inventions; ideals of society, of industry and government; aspirations for a higher life in the world at large—aspirations not doomed to live and die in a day.—For there will be a place in the world for the ever-growing army of intellectuals, a place remunerative as well as dignified.

"That much craved-for eugenics—that stale and erudite science at its birth—will become a living issue. The unquestionably fit will gain in ascendency, assert their all-round efficiency, and will augment in number. It will no longer be true that the higher departments of science, law, philosophy, poetry and fine arts are notoriously starved in youth and early manhood; the marriageable age there, economically speaking, will no longer be nearer fifty than twenty."

The gusto of this man and his ringing voice marked the student of living authors, at whom our

poet would turn now with a disguised duet or so, thus betraying the duality in his own nature, the philosopher and the poet, let alone the waiter.

" 'Hollow vociferation'
You say?
'Jugs of imagination!'
It may—
'Paper queens, jacks of clay!'
—The banished lay?
'The wise fools' array!'
Aye!—
The gorgeous display.
I pray
Where the days of joys?"

"We are so different,
So very, very different,
Where the days of yore?"

In due time, quoth the critic somewhat more severely, we shall have not a puppet democracy of snobs, ninnies, pygmies, small politicians, manikins, tradesfolks, moneymaniacs, sycophants or pronounced philistines; with a freedom to anticipate the day of one's death or starve by slow degrees, socially, spiritually and physiologically. We shall have a democracy of intellect, of bigness, of plenty; a democracy of budding and growing men

and women in vigor and spirit—democracy of souls and bodies; a democracy with a mission for its captains other than the dollar, and with no hopeless plight for the masses—as for the highest—developed individuals—wasting their years and their costly energy in the pursuit of bread and butter!

* * * * * * * *

Once in the morning after the evening of such wild outbursts of banter, when with stomachs gloriously full, the heart reverberated with gladness untold, and the imagination swarmed with maggots spinning dreams gloriously colored;—our confrere the poet anointed the breakfast table with a few stentorian verses that he recited from out of the back cover of his note book, in a moment of respite from his other duties, the tray under his arm, and white linen covering his body to the knees. These "verses" proved to be of a kind never before known of his muse, entitled, *The Doctor as King.* The exact key is lost. But we shall endeavor to reproduce the lines, not for their intrinsic worth, which they pronouncedly lack, but solely for the reason that they afford a fitting wind-up of the somewhat mild buffoonery concealed under these covers. To be sure, I need not gainsay—if only out of respect to our egocentric principles,—a crumb of meaning may be found lurking beneath the hide. The reader be

gracious and merciful! Thus, then, slowly but loudly:

"Full-grown, a brand new thing, Earth and Time
bred;
Wed to world, on work and wages mounted.—
Souls the realm of sham, from wordiness fled!
Forth to glory marching, to growth unbound.

"Doctors anon the healing hand attest.
From lawyers' rule retrieved, the breast doth
heave—
Toppling mountains, swelling, hearts o' men sup-
pressed!—
The great, the all-pervasive sigh of relief.

"Lieut'nant-doctors each on brother waiting,
Ev'ry nerve-end of human toil adore.
A lone soul is naught availing!
The cause men require, a million or more.

"Old Plato's dream will then to form attain,
When ancient Forms are in new garb attired;
Doctors shall be king, the king doctor fain,
When doctor and king have to man aspired.

"Thus perched on high—free is the doctor from
the ban,

Spared the peril of need, from attack secure.
See! 'the years that made the scholar left the man,'
And a war-mad world 'll stand no other cure."

IX

CHIPS OF SCHOLARSHIP

WE must, for the sake of staving off the scholar's wrath, pick up the few chips we have let fall so wantonly and so irreverently, paper chips with which this ancient race of gamblers delight to play, and which they are wont to exchange at the bargain counter of real values.

For they are objective scholars. They *are not ego-centrics,* despite the fact that many of them preach such doctrines in theory. They are disinterested observers. Their interest, even as their words, their text-books, their appendixes—their very wisdom—are theirs only after being first somebody else's. Their own welfare is of no concern to them, as it is of no concern to their trustees. No, there is no *scholarship of scholarship;* the scholar thinks not of himself; much less does he talk or write about himself. He reaps the fruit of his labor in the sweat of his brow. The pleasure in his work constitutes the real value of his life.

And when a spokesman from among the more forward of them hazzards a thought on himself and his kind, lo! he speaks of death. Thus the

wittiest of professors, in converse with his dual self, cries out in calm despair. "In the midst of a world which was united and stood, he (the professor) was divided and falling. He belongs to no union, but had to stand and deliver to those who did."

Others, including our own esteemed president emeritus, delving into vital statistics, bring to light disconsolate figures that prove unmistakably that the race is dying. The race of scholars is dying. Twenty per cent. of them do not at all attain to wedlock. Those who do just barely reproduce themselves. Objective scholars they are indeed, not at all interested in themselves, nor in their eternity.

More than a pithy outcry, a citation of figures particularly distressing, a groan, a wailing, no professor may venture about himself. Heaven be praised therefore—few are the chips to be picked up. Yet there are, assures me a *confrére* of our table, even entire pages devoted, constructively, to the professor by the professor; and he could actually lay his finger on the paragraph.

And if there be among you, readers, some with natural curiosity enough, and with the instinct of scholarship, craving to know how far a professor may, once he risks a thought in that direction, concur in opinion maintained by us, I beg of you, rare ones, to examine page three hundred and sixty-

seven, paragraph the second of a book known as *Education and the Larger Life;* the name of the author, street, and number, floor and room in which he wrote will duly be found. For the latter remark refer to I. D. B. Le Grand, Volume two of the Reclam Edition, published in a distant land since tabooed by civilization, whose author, street, et cetera, nevertheless, may be traced through the world-famed first volume of his works, bearing the proper name, *Buch der Lieder.*

Here we must pause for a moment, in the interest of research. A certain carrion eating animal is distinguished for the skill in crushing hard bones and for demonic laughter. One of the most sublime of all human mockers of modern times, is also distinguished for crushing hard bones, or ideas, and laugh, sublimely laugh, and make the world laugh with him, during the performance. How now has it come to pass that this demonic beastly should bear such a close resemblance *in name* with this sublimely human mocker? For the solution of this puzzling question, and for the benefit of those who do not think that the world was construed according to design, I invoke the assistance of our philologist who works with such diligence on the proposition that "German is not German at all."

I appeal to his scholarly pride to prove to me

in exact terms whether *heine* is derived from *hyena* or *hyena* from *heine;* or whether, at least, both have come down from the same parentage, having undergone a metamorphosis in form, articulation, and spelling as their respective species gradually have diverged from one another into different abodes and habits of life, way back in hyenoid-Indo-European times. Is it merely a cosmic accident or the result of a super-intelligence? Here, then, is a problem: a field for research that calls for all the diligence of the most dexterous of scholars and more than a surface acquaintance with the beaten paths in the limbo of philology.

This is sheer blasphemy, not to any person, living or dead, but to the spirit of truth. That it is. It is also fairly representative of a great deal of flip-flap and plain fool-talk that goes under the name of scholarship, with these variations: in place of a cumbersome no man's language, I employ the popular tongue; in place of high-browism, I adopt the lighter tone; in place of exhaustiveness, I am shallow.

"Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas, Madame?"

Now we betake ourselves to the lecture room, in the hope of filling in, perhaps, or stretching wider, the great gap we have found to exist in the

field, strictly, of scholarship of scholarship. What do we find here? In rows of waxen figures of freezing solemnity are seated, each in their accustomed places, all the dignitaries, small and great, of past ages. They are the chief attraction always, holding as it were eternal court. Only Monsieur Present is never present.

In the most democratic form of education, with opportunities for all, why there should be entirely wanting in instruction of the most important social philosophies of the day, which one hears of in the street and in the shop, is not quite clear. Yet it is so—and that is not all. General courses in modern history, modern literature, modern philosophy, modern art, very often end up with periods of from fifty to a hundred years past. These general courses are usually all the undergraduate carries home in his car load of notes. Furthermore, what is properly called the *penumbra* of education—the mass of useless and for the most part meaningless details—calculated to form the store of ammunition for scholarship—encumbers the very substance, the nucleus, the meaning of which is supposed to be conveyed to us.

Classics and heroic pasts having no associations with present interests, reach and affect our lives even as the stars do, or great but far-away edifices, or the mummies of Egypt. The cumbersome details are no sooner portioned out into the

note-books than they are forgotten and they, surely, can make us no wiser or better, or help us with worthy causes to pin our lives to. Save a few who pick things up in their own haphazard way, outside the curriculum, most of us come out of college with not a smack of what is taking place under our very noses. Even those whom birth and conditions contrived to hold close to their fate while in college, cannot escape wholly the effect of a constant hammering on the past and unessentials. It has made them obtuse, beetleheaded and apathetic; and in due time they find themselves no more sensible to the throbs of their own brothers.

How far this aggravates the probable cause, say, of senior pessimism—thence onward throughout all the failing in the halls of culture—can be seen from the further evidence in the fact of distribution of this particular malady. The victims are largely drawn from students of the liberal arts—particularly of history, literature, philosophy, and fine arts; in short, from those branches of study most likely—let us presume—to shatter old convictions without, as education goes to-day, furnishing new ones; but which at the same time, in a far more striking degree, hold out least certainty for a future material well-being.

We chose the senior, for so we avoid unneces-

sary complications. But for that we might have chosen, with equal propriety, the grad and his plight, the doctor, aspirant, life's tyros, or the professor. The senior, least probable of all cannot be said to suffer from the wisdom of the ages. With all delvings into the past imposed upon him, it is barely true that he is laden with the weight of too much knowledge.

His mind is not a whit overbalanced by Schopenhauerian dialetics. Nor has Hindoo mysticism or Nirvana penetrated his soul. He does not pant for breath and life in his skyward flight with Omar Khayyam. The wisdom of Solomon does not oppress him. No, not the senior. If these questions sometimes do interest the rarer of the clan and the more austere livers and thinkers, their interest is not vital but academic. Where it is more than academic it is natural curiosity, not pessimism; for then most intelligent beings, including all small children, would be pessimists.

Is it, then, the broken ikons that bring tears to their eyes? True, the great hope is wanting, we may chime in with the one-time celebrated arraignment against liberal education: the pleasing illusion, the substance of all milleniums yet promulgated. Past beliefs and convictions indeed have dissolved in the laboratory and lecture room; and the new deposits have not yet crystalized into a kaleidoscopic pyramid of scintillating rays of

some one great hope, but remain scattered broadcast. Hence, too, a wavering, a straying, a stumbling amidst carcasses?

Even so. The sun dial moves in but one direction. The way out lies ahead. The like of us are no slackers. Nor do recreant thoughts at all disturb the modern student, however backward.

Any one familiar with student cogitation will make no mistake. He is the very last of the sons of divine-shaped man to whom it has been given to reap all good from the tree of knowledge and still be miserable on account of those that are gone, or for want of more. But in justice let it be owned that he is not ignorant, not shallow,—at least not more than the sophomore or his brother at home. He has heard, at least, of many views on the few things he has learned, even if he did not master them; is capable of seeing the dark, the bright, or both sides of a thing when present. More. If the aptitude to exaggerate is there, the senior no less than his younger, underclass brother, is apt to inveigle himself towards the bright, velvety side. Neither shallowness nor depth, then, explain his disparagements, as they might in the case of the older bearers of culture.

As sample of what is and may be somewhat more intensive cultivation in the field of scholarship of scholarship, observe, ye overtaxed, already

exasperated reader of this paraphernalia of the tragi-comic and profane tragedy of the scholar, that at all times, and in all shades of expression, has the enlightened soul voiced the truth—

"I myself am Heaven and Hell."

The modern man, in secular development, defines the terms in lines as undying:

"Heaven but the vision of fulfilled desire,
And Hell the shadow from a soul on fire."

I do not quote the Persian bard and scholar for his religion or irreligion. His words equally apply in many domains. They even express unequivocally the *one* apology of weight offered by all participants on the field of slaughter. Indeed, the words are symbolic of the gorgon cry of all of Europe to-day. They literally apply to the higher education of the individual. But, while accepting the supernal adage, our system of culture has yet to make due appraisal of the definition, and to make provision for some fulfillment even in purely academic training.

Grim were we indeed in our reasoning, when we so chose, for we dared to face facts. And as we were both critic and object of our criticisms, so were we faultless in our conclusions, as far as

may be. It was our songs we were singing, be it not forgotten, our lives we were diagnosing; and, if incompetent to affect a cure, surely we best of all knew the nature of our case and the exact locations of the ailment. Else the siren song may fit never so well the soul-strings of those givers of gifts, the "abundant, beautiful, glorious life that we want!" They are and are to be the teachers of to-morrow! Yet you need but temper with their lives for a brief hour to discover a dejected, vacant existence. Presently you will almost lay your finger on the source of this hollowness of heart, seeing through their person as under an x-ray; and as you look and gather the impress crystal clear on your senses, the siren song is upon your lips, word for word, with slight, twentieth century interpolations, thus—

"I sent my Soul through the *University,*
Some letter or that *Higher* life to spell;
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd 'I Myself am Heav'n and Hell:'

"Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on City mire whence ourselves withal,
In that steaming cauldron, shall soon expire."

No, without due appraisal of Omar Khayyam's

definition of heaven and hell as applied to developed individuality, higher education, on a democratic principle, can be no end in itself. It becomes incongruous with itself and with democracy, unless democracy be democratized—yes, indeed, unless democracy becomes democracy in something more than in name. This tension was even with us unusual; it marked the height of our egocentric mode of thinking!

With all due regard to the exception, such as occasionally made his appearance at our table, "popular culture," as at present carried out, is an incongruous thing in a society of two marked divisions, the very rich and the very poor, the favorably and the unfavorably placed. It is lifting the latter into a heaven only to let them fall into an abyss. It is introducing them into a world where prospecting runs amuck, where there is plowing and planting and digging aplenty, but where the harvest, for them, consists in unripened seed, tawny and charred in the fires of imagination before the reaping season approaches. Then, behold! death is near at hand—again death.

If every fool were a king and every student have waiting for him a fat island somewhere to be taken possession of as soon as he leaves the college yard behind—as it is given to every man to come and get education for himself; then there

would still be no occasion for black thought even in these hyper-thoughtful and rare brands of university produce, with their eyes set on the glories and idols of the past.

As it is, however, it were better that democratic education sought, through instruction and example alike, innerly to implant, before Mars commands, the principle: Men Wanted: men for work in the open, even as in war times; men to live with, work with, suffer with the world's *miserés,* even as in war times; men, officers withal given up not with great deeds, "accomplishments," but every one merely "to do his bit," even as in war times, on ways and means for the conservation of energy and human life—for construction in elevation. For this, a greater emphasis is wanting on present needs and present problems, material is wanting out of present day life; material that would spontaneously create in mind and heart of the college man some one worthy cause to work for, in peace and in war times, some central interest to reunite, rebuild, temper and strengthen first his own life, preparatory to forming a link to that larger life.

Then the Humanities have gained in vital interest, and the vital interests, in humanity. Or else education must needs fail to implant that precisely which true democracy wants for her subsistence—that passionate reaching out for a communion of spirit, for that living-together with the

throbbings of the mass of mankind. Without which, while that dismal malady invade the university working havoc within the lives of her inmates, it remains an isolated morbidity; and has for the most part nothing in common with that larger of life's weariness—lead-heavy, yet always a self-enobling experience—as it is already felt more or less acutely by the European University student: whose activity in the world is not limited to war times; whose active participation in the world and in all world-movements always has marked his character, even as scholarship or sport.

X

FOOTNOTE

LIKE the coiling snake is scholarship: the head, the belly, the tail, all look so much alike. It winds and writhes and squirms and reverberates, in like contortions, to the selfsame coil that first started the motion. And it matters little where or at what coil or page you cut short. Each part has some moving force of its own, while the bulk, as a whole, remains stationary. You may read the pages backward, as, if means were found to patch up life, you would put the hindmost coils of a snake foremost,—the tail at the head,—without much change in perception of the whole. There is but one difference in a world of similarity. Whereas the Ophidian brother, hugging the earth from time immemorial, has learned to crawl at least on the belly, scholarship, like a pale-faced sister, angelic, sedate, and earth-despising, is helpless without support, now from sheer force of habit,—support and ever more support, what of their want of feet and backbone.

Scholarship is authority raised to the nth power. Thus may be noted its passive, reactionary essence or, actively, its kinship to sovereignty.

—It is without beginning and without end. However far you have gone in the accumulation of facts, there is still something you have left untouched; however exhaustive there is still something you may add; but from another point of view, you might have had all parts in juxtaposition, the whole structure upside down and inside out, or entirely new: yet not a particle in it but what was there before. And so it is really not worth a pin where you begin, where you end, or how many pages or coils you leave out; since they must all be alike, prove the same thing you set out to prove. By a dextrous shift of the pen you can talk of the Seven Heavens, the infusoria lodged in the lining of your intestines, the fate of Troy, or the earrings of an African chief—and arrive at the same conclusion. Let us, then, cite a few excerpts, since we must end up somewhere, say, from Ralph Waldo Emerson's *Essay on War*:

"If the universal cry for reform of so many inveterate abuses, with which society rings,—if the desire of a large class of young men for a faith and hope, intellectual and religious, such as they have not yet found, be an omen to be trusted; if the disposition to rely more in study and in action on the unexplored riches of the human constitution,—if the search of the sublime laws of morals and the sources of hope and trust, in man, and not in books, in the present, and not in the past,

proceeded; if the rising generation can be provoked to think it unworthy to nestle into every abomination of the past, and shall feel the generous darings of austerity and virtue, then war has a short day, and human blood will cease to flow."

* * * * * * * *

"This (laying down of arms) is not to be carried by public opinion, but by private opinion, by private conviction, by private, dear and earnest love. For the only hope of this cause is in the increased insight, and it is to be accomplished by the spontaneous teaching, of the cultivated soul, in its secret experience and meditation,—that it is now time that it should pass out of the state of beast into the state of man."

Thus said the Master scholar. Yet, being, by far, less optimistically inclined, we at the table took issue even where we thoroughly agreed in all details. We could not, for the souls of us, reconcile our convictions to the belief that war ever will be driven from the destinies of man. But too well did we know the beast in man! The professor knows him, too, when leaning forward, with bulging eyes and stern mien of a seer, he solemnly declares: "See this old, decrepit frame? Show me a good bull-dog fight and you shall find me ready and on my heels, leaving this business of lecturing economics to some doleful hour." Nor does he merely say it. On Saturday afternoons

are the halls of the university deserted; and, if Emerson would live to-day, he should certainly be seen with his colleague, the Professor, on the granite slab of the Stadium,—veritable consuls at the Arena,—alongside their wives and daughters; as also the dogs, the Tigers, lions, buckskins and all the sophomores: all aglow, the healthy animal spirit tingling in their veins, as they would be watching a good game of foot-ball. Then the philosopher would go home meditating on the causes of the world wars—and on plays and better ways how "the manhood that has been in war must be transferred to the cause of peace, before war can lose its charm and peace be venerable to men."

But if war must be, is the war-lord to stay? or shall he lose his command?—what is more repugnant than war is ferocious. "If men must fight, now then! fight they shall, but like men!" came the bellowing pronunciamento at those harangues of our own: "from *inner* command in response to causes *external* and *true;* never in response to causes they don't feel—or to commands that come from outside of them." And now, *vide,* we turn again to the reposeful Master mind of all-America and read further word for word, and compare, et cetera, et cetera:

"The attractiveness of war shows one thing

through all the throats of artillery, the thunders of so many sieges, the sack of towns, the jousts of chivalry, the shock of hosts (and the most modern of earth-shaking Leviathans—the newest abominations of the human brain),—this namely, the conviction of man universally, that a man should be himself responsible, with goods, health and life, for his behavior; that he should not ask of the State protection; should ask nothing of the State; should be himself a kingdom and a state: fearing no man; quite willing to use the opportunities and advantages that good government throws in his way, but nothing daunted, and not really the poorer if government, law and order went by the board; *because in himself reside infinite resources; because he is sure of himself, and never needs to ask another what in any crisis it behooves him to do.*"